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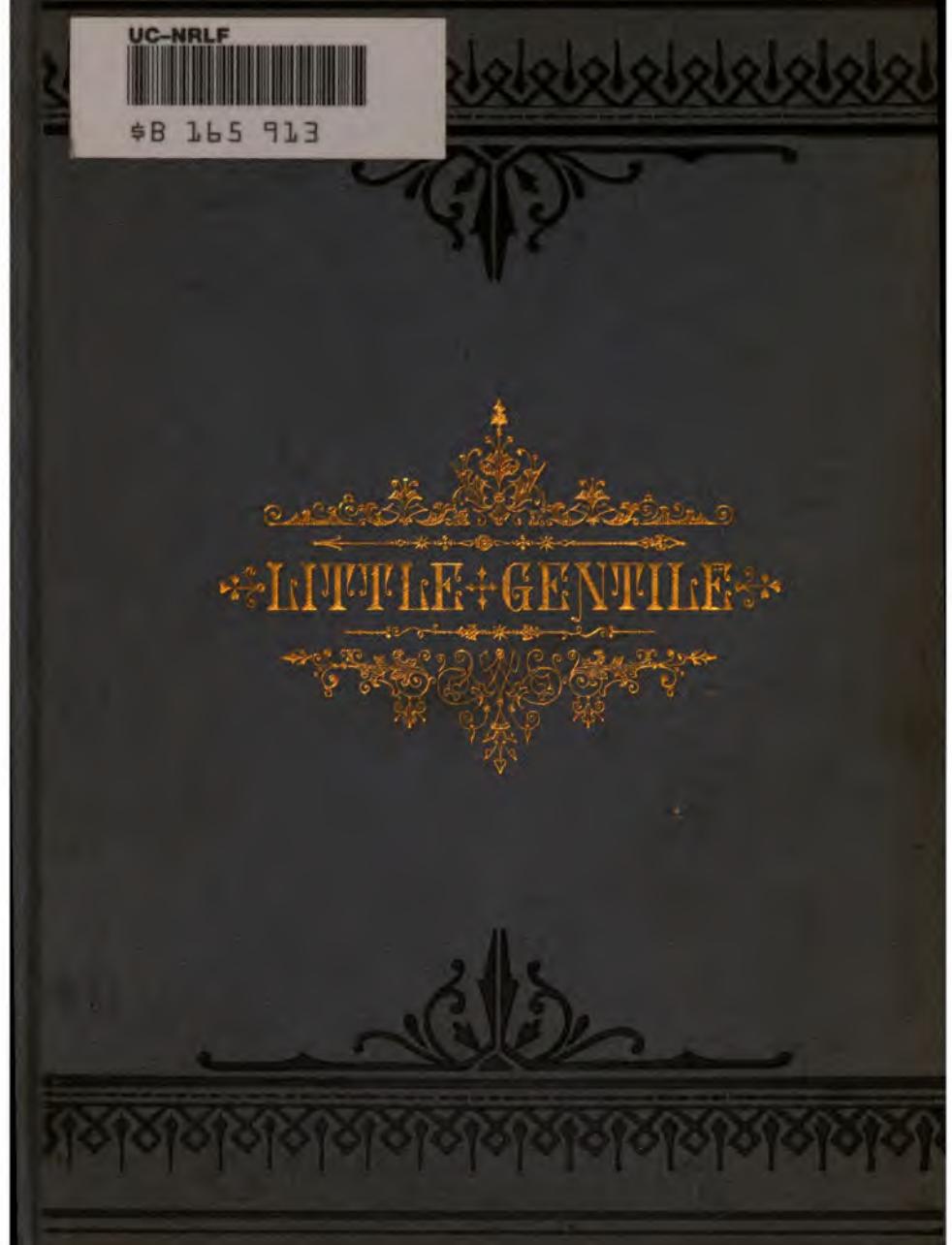
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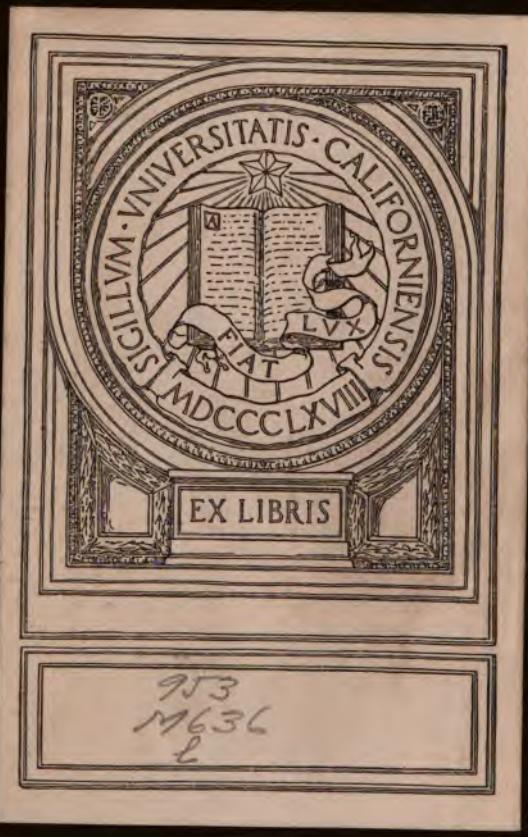


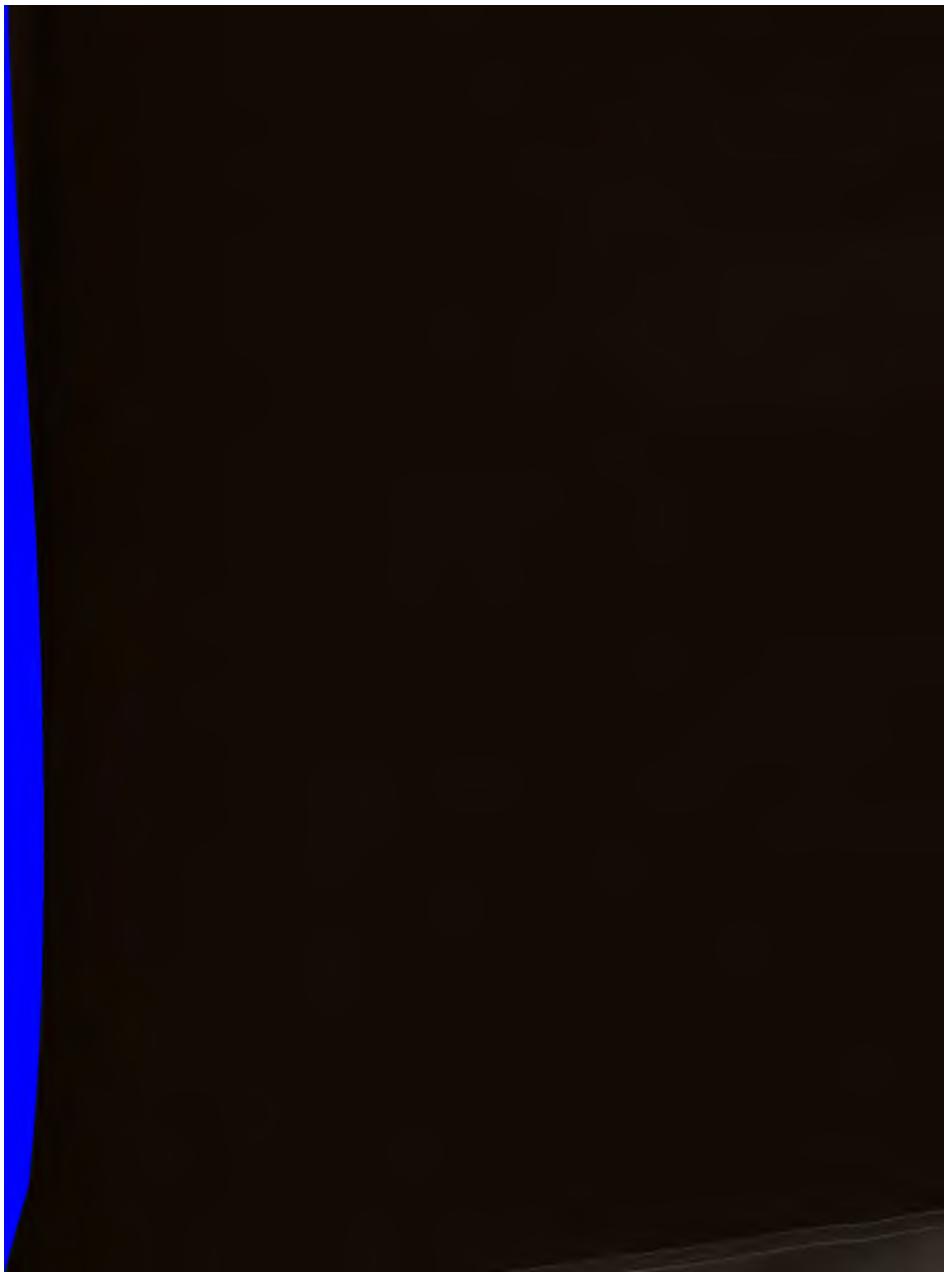
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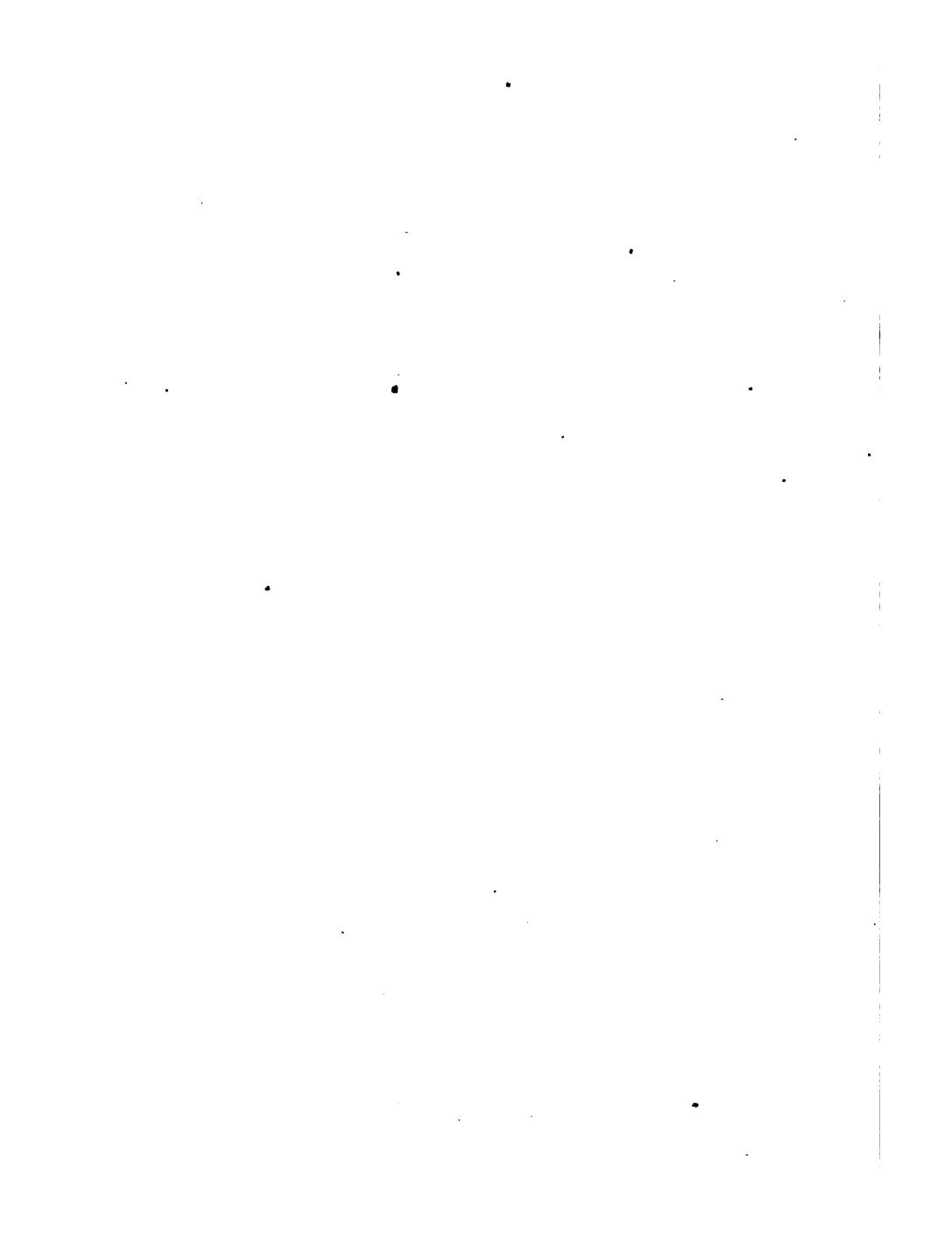


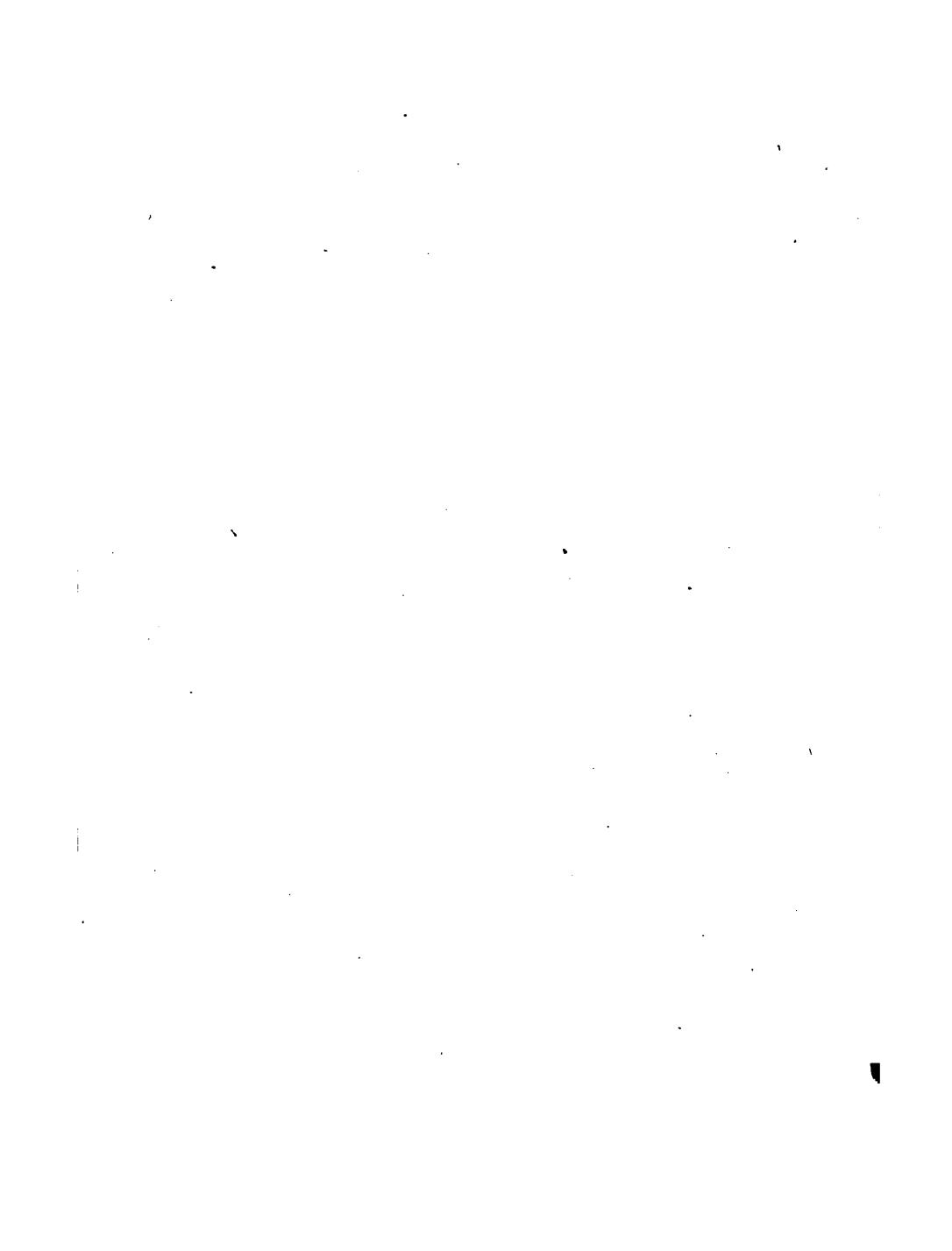
The title page features a dark, textured background. A large, ornate gold-tooled decorative element is centered, resembling a stylized crown or floral motif. This central element is flanked by two horizontal lines of gold-tooled stars. Below the central motif, the title 'LITTLE GENTLE' is written in a bold, serif font, with 'LITTLE' on the left and 'GENTLE' on the right, separated by a small vertical space. The entire title is surrounded by a decorative border consisting of a top band with small floral motifs and a bottom band with larger, more complex scrollwork.

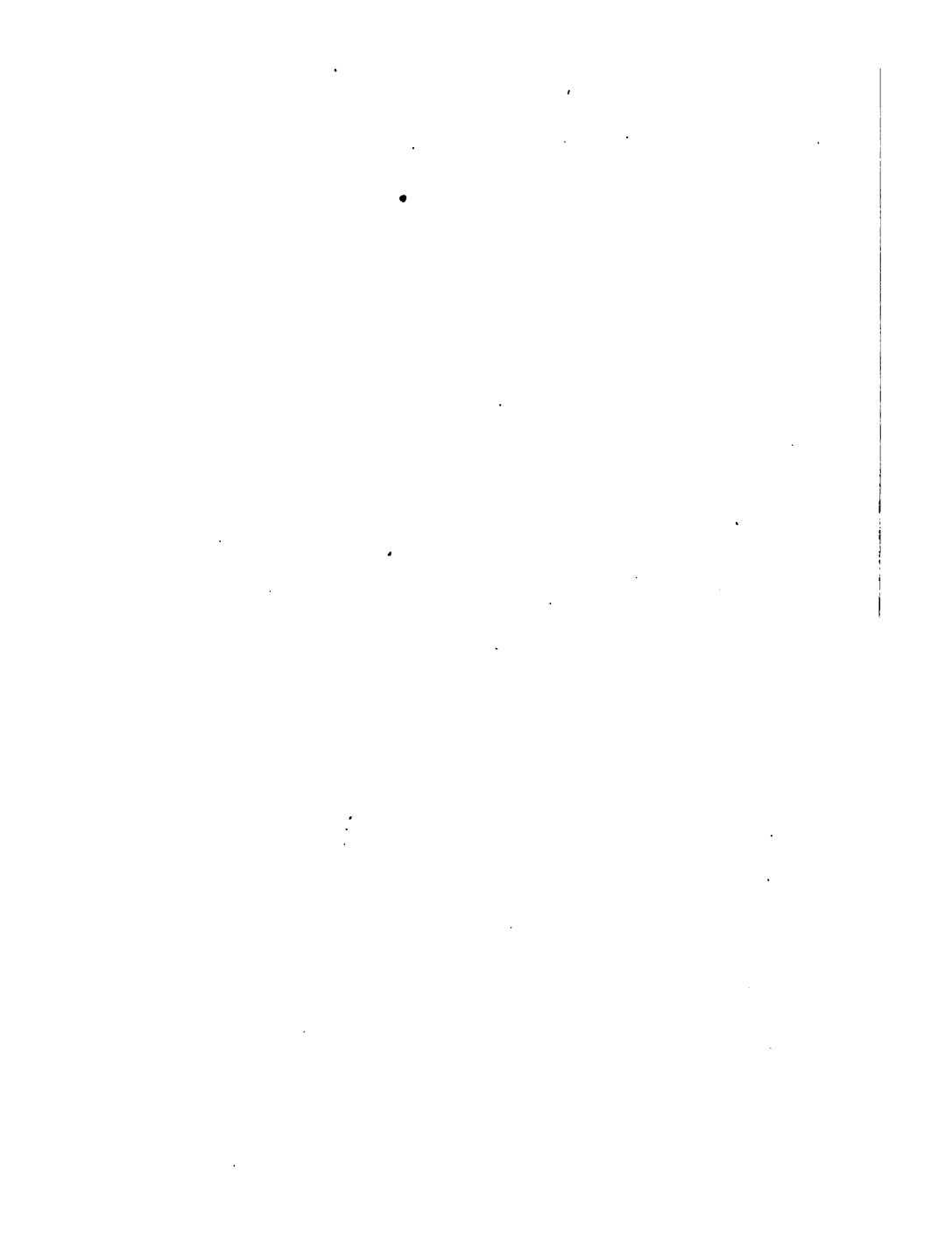
LITTLE GENTLE











LITTLE GENTILE:

A

DESERET ROMANCE

OF

CAPTIVE AND EXILE

IN THE

"NEW JERUSALEM,"

BY

MIGNONETTE.

"And Israel shall be a proverb and a by-word unto all people."

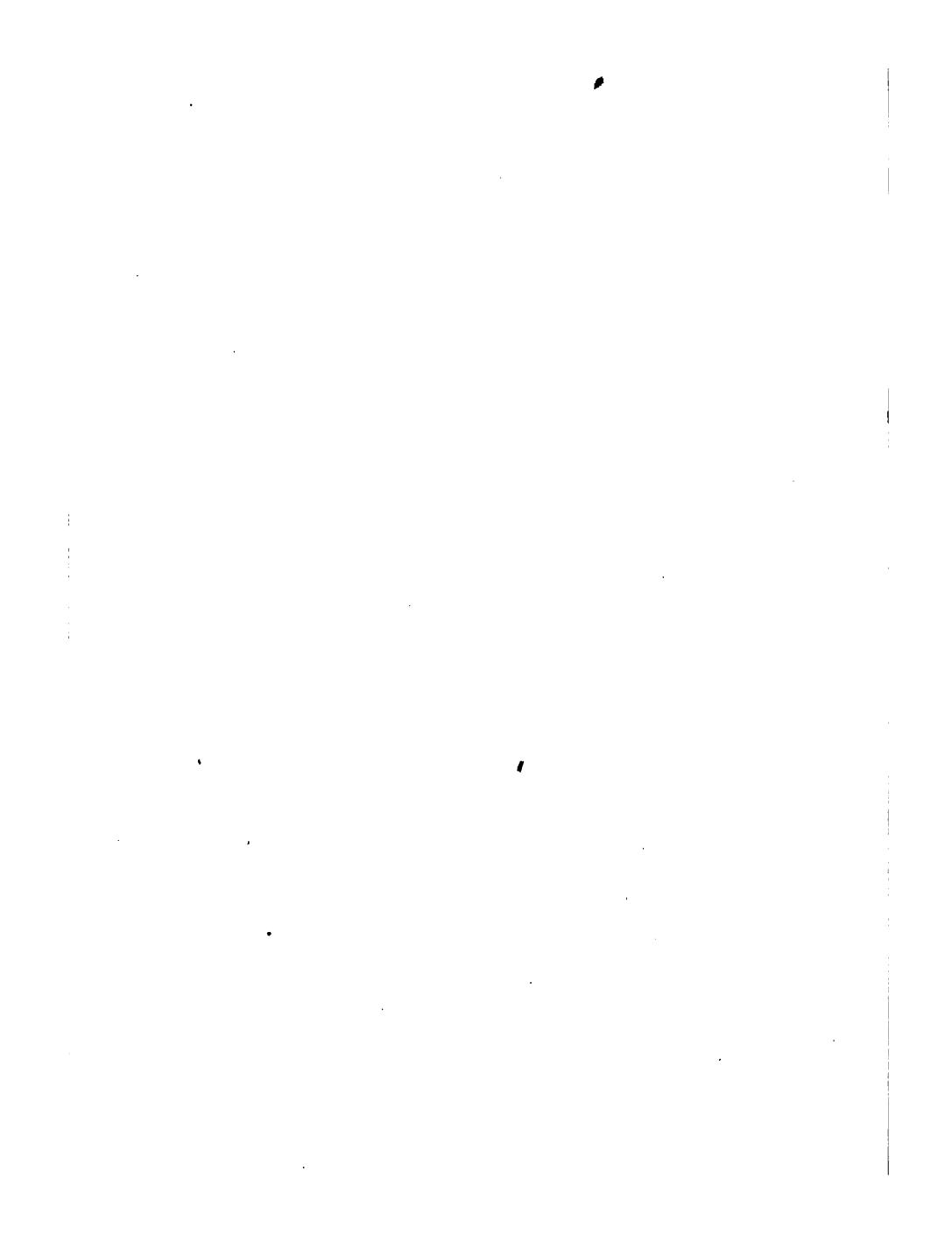
CHICAGO:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY THE
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1879.

30 MINI
AUTOMOBILES

To Emma.

921844



LITTLE GENTILE,
CALIFORNIA.

LITTLE GENTILE.

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er *was*, nor *is*, nor ne'er shall be.”
Wrote England's gifted son, poetic Pope,
Who thus denied his sincerest hope.
Thus man, ill-fated, in gravitation's chains,
Ever strives to soar beyond his allotted range.

Readers, no rare exotic flowers to offer you have I;
Only wild blooms gathered 'neath a sullen sky.
I've roamed in distant woodlands, in sequestered dells,
To pluck the drooping *ferns*, and tiny, sweet bluebells.
Brooklets murmured a rebuke, birds twitted me of
stealing;
But, heeding not, I hurried on, my motive still con-
cealing.

NO. VIII.
A WAGGISH LAD.

I have sprays of *hawthorne*, *sweetbrier*, and *thistle*, too,
Roses, *laurel* and *myrtle*, and leaves of *mistletoe*,
And a sheaf of *lilies*, *leopard lilies*, from the plain,
Gaudy in their gold and garnet, sparkling with the rain.

“ All these I give my readers, trusting that each wit
Will judge with the same spirit that the author writ.”

“ *Why mourn I not for thee*
And with the southern clouds contend in tears.”

“ Come, Isaline, and hear from stricken heart
A tale of grief that bids you soon depart
From home and friends.

Fear not, I pray,
For every night there surely dawns a day ;
And we all must learn, either soon or late,
To bear with fortitude the stern decrees of fate.

Come closer to me, child. Our mutual woe
Makes doubly dear the treasure that most go ;
For, Isaline, the unhappy hour has come
When *you* must leave the old ancestral home.

Little Gentile.

7

Our old estate in one brief day is gone,
And *we*, my love, are penniless and alone.

Your cousin, Annabel, so prostrated by the shock,
Is sick abed, and will not endure the mock
Of pitying friends. *Poor Annabel* loves you so,
It seems almost a sin to let you go.

But '*there is a destiny that shapes our ends,*'
And Isaline will never want for friends ;
Tho' some prove false, like inconstant Ray,
Who quite unexpectedly has gone away ;
But ere he went, the mercenary dastard wrote
An adieu to *Annabel*—a meagre little note.
You pity her, your eyes with tears are dim.
Don't worry, child ; she does n't care for him.

The avaricious coward, when he heard of our ill luck,
Vamosed at once, and had not e'en the pluck
To call on us. I bade her give him up forever,
And with such *worthlessness* e'en *acquaintanceship*
dissever.

*You go, like Ruth of old, 'mong harvesters to glean,
And triumph yet will bless our lovely Isaline.*

*My dear, be patient. Will you not hear me through?
The last hour, may be, your aunt can talk with you.
How time does fly! Your carriage comes at noon,
And you scarcely seem to heed our separation soon.*

*My plan is this: I have a sincere friend
In the far west, and *you* to *her* I'll send.
An intruding guest with *her* you cannot be.
She invites you, love; her letter here you see.*

*I this hour foresaw, and in silence did prepare
A home for you, whilst battling with despair.
You are better off to-day than Annabel and me.
Home and *friends* await you, whil'st on life's sea
We're doomed to drift, happy to find a little cot
In some secluded place where we can be forgot.*

*Here is a purse prepared for present needs;
And hear, *too soon*, the prancing feet of steeds!*

Your trunks are packed, and there is nought to do.
Oh, Isaline, my child, unto yourself be true,
Then false to none you cannot be.

Here is a ray

Of Heaven's own light ; 'twill guide your way.
And should other sorrows unto you be given,
Brighter still will burn *this Holy Lamp of Heaven.*"

No more she said ; the *coup de main* was made.
The long-planned *role* successfully had been played.
Some crystal tears, expelled from laughing eyes,
Corroborated with as many sobs and sighs.

The schemer watched the carriage roll away,
And said, "'Tis done, and I've *now* no part to play,
But be, my own dear self, mistress of Winsor House,
Since I've fortunately caught the intruding mouse.
The old estate is *hers*, not *ours*. But, hush!
The balmy zephyrs may have ears, and rush
To tell this dark intrigue.

But she is gone,

And *poor Annabel* and I are really alone.

Tho' this act may bring us company. My brother
May come from the unknown, and Isa's mother ;
Each torturing me with spectral visions grim,
For what they'd deem unpardonable by Him
Who created me with faults predominating o'er
My better qualities. Would the same *Power*—
My *Maker*—condemn aught that I do ?
I know the right, and yet the wrong pursue—
Lacking will-force, and conscience to guide aright,
I yield to wrong, tho' it brings eternal blight.

A thorn was Isaline, hidden 'neath my rose of joy—
What *I* tenderly transplanted *another* might destroy ;
In other clime, our sweet Isa will live on,
Happily oblivious of what to-day is done ;
Then all is well, and why supinely grieve ?
Whatever *is*, is *right*, I verily believe ! ”

Whilst thus condoled the treacherous queen of sin,
Rustling silks were heard, and Annabel came in ;

Poor, prostrated Annabel, of Winsor's fallen house,
Came to congratulate the *exit* of the deluded mouse,
And gayly said :

“ How well you did succeed.
Your flimsy admonition I feared she would not heed.
Strange, she did not beg to share with us the little cot,
And whilst ‘the world forgetting, be by the world
forgot;’
But credulous Isaline disobedience never knew ;
So very true herself, she thought the same of you !”

“ Yes,” whimpered the old dame, “ poor Isaline
Deserves our sincere pity. Only seventeen !
And on the cold world thrown, so *young and fair*.
Heaven knows, it was my pride and grim despair
That made me do it.

I have not an itching palm :
Tho' *Ray Hamlin's* wealth would be a healing balm
For our sin-pierced hearts.

He loved Isaline,

Whilst *you loved him*. I come between,
And sunder them forever. Yours is the day !
Look to your laurels, and bear the prize away.

And, should we our cherished hopes attain,
We'll sue for pardon, and will not sue in vain !
Our *web* we'll weave so well that unsuspecting Ray
Will never dream us guilty of what is done to-day.

Ignorance we'll plead, all knowledge will disown
That Isa is the heiress, until the fact is known.

And life holds many chances ; the home she's gone to
find

Is but a myth, my girl, existing only in her mind.
In that semi-barbarous city, most sinful in the land,
If there's none to greet her, will she the shock with-
stand ?

Disappointment brings delirium, and Death, with sickle
keen,

May gather in his sheaf the alluring Isaline."

“ Oh, mother, hush ! ” begged Annabel, “ and bring Isa
back to-night ;

Love and wealth are naught compared with a sense of
right.

Let’s say that we were jesting, and *never* let her
know

That *we* would have the heart to give this inhuman
blow.

My sister Isaline has been all my sunny life,
And I cannot stab the trusting girl with Deception’s
knife.

Bright castles you’ve been building in *Imagination’s*
air,

But to fall down in the future as you yourself de-
clare ;

And a wicked influence has o’erpowered me so long,
But *now* I see the right, and will defy the wrong.

Cousin loved and trusted you, and in going away,
Tho’ it broke her heart, she bravely would obey !

And how sad 'twill be, when, at her journey's end,
She finds herself betrayed by her truest friend !
And imagine Isa's little grave in that strange land,
And that her death was caused by your own com-
mand."

"Annabel!" the woman interrupted, "your ingrati-
tude
Dumfounds me! Day after day, in dull solitude,
I've brooded o'er your welfare, without a will
Your cousin Isaline to either rob or kill,
As time will prove !

Because my fancy drew
A picture of the *possible*, you faint-hearted grew,
And, cowardly upholding the white feather,
You beg to counteract what *we* have planned together,
And you twit of wicked influence, oh, Annabel!"
And again from evil eyes crocodile tears fell.

"I've weighed this matter long," resumed the dame
In tremulous tones, "and a child should never blame

Parental judgment, till erring judgment brings
Its own reproach.

Your cruel censure stings
Worse than a serpent's tooth !

And 'tis hard to brook
Your loud accusation and denouncing look !
Still, my purpose *none* can foil—the girl is gone,
And I *can not, will not*, rue the deed that's done.

Nor penniless is Isaline. I had a generous care
To more than ten times pay her journey's fare !
And another sum to-morrow I shall send,
Commending her to the kindness of my friend—
Kind *Providence*, who will ever guide
The wee barque launched on Life's uncertain tide.
So, no great wrong, as fleeting time will tell ;
But act your part, and all will yet be well."

No more she wished to say, but left the room,
Leaving Annabel bowed in penitential gloom.

And thus far again crafty Might had won.
But "*ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done.*"

"How much of joy or grief a day can hold,
How much of both the same time can enfold,"
Sighed Isaline, as rapidly the train
Dashed thro' woods and fields of ripening grain.

"This morn, yon glorious sun's caressing beams
Roused me from slumber's happiest dreams
Of what the day would bring.

The sad transition

Bewilders me! Instead of glad fruition,
Marah's cup at eve I sip, bereft, forsaken.
Oh, were this but a dream I might awaken!

A mystery entrammels me. If auntie loved me true,
Would she have hurried me away, *scarce breathing
an adieu?*

And Annabel I could not see at all, she was so sick;
It cannot be that I'm the dupe of Humor's cruel
trick!

Ah, no ; they would have sent a messenger ere this
To take me back. The fate of *Peri*, hurled from bliss,
Is preferable to mine. They 'gainst Paradise re-
belled,

And were for the sin from Paradise expelled.
If in the least I've sinned, I know not when ;
I only know I'm sent away, not to return again.
A pure and spotless life has always been my aim,
And, whatever caused our trouble, I cannot be to
blame.

If *I* had been the heiress, instead of Annabel,
On cunning plot my distracted thoughts would dwell ;
But, as it is, in deep midnight of mind,
I grope for what I know I cannot find.
Nor more will I complain ; time soon will prove
The cause of this, and the depth of doubted love."

Like a poor dove, that hid beneath her wing
The arrow that pierced her heart, Isaline could fling

Her grief aside, awaiting quietly the hour,
When the same grief would try her latent power.

"She has no force of character," the cynic reader ,
smiles,
"Or *now* she would not be the dupe of Deception's
wiles."

And so it does appear; but character is stuff;
We'll compare to diamond *cut*, and diamond in the
rough,
Or to gold in dross, for which we the furnace need,
The fiery, flaming furnace, to make it gold indeed;
Our stronger, better nature is a hidden thing for aye,
Unless trials and vicissitudes burn the drop away.

To joys accustomed from her infant years,
Isa could not comprehend the sudden flow of tears—
The story told in anguish, sobs and sighs well feigned,
O'er the unsuspecting girl complete influence gained.

In dumb amaze she blindly did obey,
And kissed the hand that pointed her away,
And kissed the lips that late to her had lied,
And loved the heart that love to her denied.

And so the world moves on, *sin* foremost in the chase;
But "not always to the swift does justice give the race."

Now *Ariel*, on tireless wing, flies o'er Columbia's domain,

A broad expanse before her spread of forest, mount
and plain.

From *Atlantic* to *Pacific* coast her joyous flight began,
And thus she praised the wondrous work of nature
and of man.

Not long ago I wandered here, and found the pride of
earth,

Unknown to all th' other world, a land of glorious
worth,

Concealing in her bosom treasures vast of gems and
gold,
Mineral mines of every kind, place and value yet un-
told.

Mighty rivers rolling to the seas, on whose turged tide
Boat, or ship of man, ne'er had been known to glide,
And deep, tangled wild woods, where axe was never
heard,
Where silence was unbroken, save by savage, beast or
bird.

Spontaneous vegetation grew in its appropriate clime,
As seasons came and went, and left no trace of time;
And untamed herds, innumerable, in happy freedom
grazed
On boundless verdant meads.

His God the Indian praised,
In humble wigwams, where gorgeous temples stand,
Blest handiwork of *art*.

With Reason's torch in hand,
Progress came in the starless way, *and, lo! from shore
to shore,*
A nation see, haloed in self-wrought glory and in
power!

First came vanquished followers of the lowly Nazarene,
Seeking refuge here; and in Nature's tabernacles green
They sang glad songs of praise to Him who gave
An ear to prayer, and ransom to Bigot's slave.

The *Holy Inquisition!* as void of truth in name
As were its stakes and racks of mercy and of shame,
They, the edict of their Bible, "*Thou shalt not kill,*"
denied,
For oft their impious hands in human gore were dyed.

Thro' the records of the past I find no darker page
Than where religious wars in all their fury rage;

But *night* recedes as day awakes the world.
Lo, freedom's ensign o'er Columbia furled !

Gathering from all nations, a mingling of all creeds,
Th' *heathen* with his god of clay, th' *Christian* with
her beads.

All bending 'neath the canopy of one azure sky,
Some praising gods an earth, others gods on high.
Each faction has a god, no matter what they say ;
If all adored one Deity, why divide the way ?

In every way sectarians go seeking for the goal
That their gods have promised the immortal soul.
And *is the soul immortal?* argues man alone,
And proof of *more than mortal life*, he argues *none*.

Frown not, O ye of piety, for I assume the right
To sing your praise or censure in my *Ariel* flight ;
And more praise than censure to all men belong,
As yet shall be shown in *trans-continental song*.

A being of the air, and all earthly climes,
Blame me not, if I appear *censorious* at times.
This we know, Progression never can achieve
The power to make all minds one thing believe ;
The human mind, *grand enigma of all minds*,
And stranger to itself.

The delineator finds
Himself ensnared, when he attempts to tell
The nature of thoughts, and how and where they
dwell.

“*Know thyself*,” said a great philosopher of old,
Who could not do himself what he had told
Inferior men to do.

As an atom is subject of *contention*,
So *one thought, reversed*, will bring its mate, *dissension*.

From all the plains, reaching from sea to sea,
Two blades of grass *alike* you cannot bring to me,
Nor ne’er shall be, as countless seasons roll
Their rapid rounds; *nor soul the counterpart of soul.*

So, in disunion wild, the seen and unseen range,
Obedient to one *immutable law*, Nature's change!

Clip not the wings of thought; unhindered let it fly;
To the remotest bounds of Wisdom's starry sky.
And shut not the eyes of *Faith*, when *Truth* afar
Gleams on her way, her only guiding star—
A mournful fact, oft on Ariel wings I find—
Faith, blinded, sent forth to lead the blind.

An honest, upright man, is dear old *Orthodox*,
Called in a *dream* to lead his neighboring flocks
From the broad road that leads to flames eternal
To elysian fields of life and bliss supernal.

Both the shepherd and the sheep devoutly eschew
evil,
And humbly serve the *Lord* because they fear the
devil
And his gulf of fire and sulphur. Yet, so timorous
are they,
That the light of *reason* dawning o'er their way

They durst not see, lest from *Free Grace* they fall,
Tumbling into torment, shepherd, sheep and all.

And now behold, 'neath glorious Summer skies,
Beautiful Columbia in all her splendor lies.

Swift change the scenes, from *Neptune's* sea-girt
strand,
To *Cornucopia*, dealing plenty o'er the land.

“*See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned.
See Flora strew her garlands o'er the ground.*”
See cities, towns and mansions of the great
Adorning all the Federal ship of State.

Hear the shout of young *America*, on balmy breezes
borne,
And in th' distance hear the huntsman's shrilly horn ;
And, ah, too soon the pursuer and pursued
Will wrest for life and death in Nature's solitude.

I loathe the sight of Death, and all that gives
Grief or pain to man, as to aught that lives.
Life is sweet, and dismal Death a dread
To all that breathe—until Hope has fled.
In darkness hid, the severing knife and visage grim—
Death, welcome, takes what once was judged to him.

Away, on outspread wings, the American Eagle see,
Speeding his sunward way, bright emblem of the free !
A hundred years ago Columbia claimed the bird,
And his shriek of *liberty* she ever since has heard.

Britain's wondrous Lion, roaming from his lair,
Sought, but vainly sought, the great Eagle to ensnare.
In proud defiance, and victorious, see him upward fly,
The king of birds ! from native rocks into native sky !

And when strong *Rebellion* strove the nation to
divide,
Then the brave and loyal Eagle sought the soldier's
side,

Flying over blood and carnage, watching near and far !
Hear him shrieking "*victory,*" above the din of war !
See him clutch in talons strong the *glorious Stripes
and Stars,*,
And in triumph bear them o'er th' foeman's fallen Bars !

Hail, dear old *Hudson River!* grand memorial stream,
Where *Fulton* launched his crude power of steam.
On your charming banks of dense drooping wood,
In glad surprise, sweet groups of *Naiads* stood,
Watching the bold inventor, and his infant boat,
Along your course in joyous triumph float.
And all the little *Naiads* rejoiced wildly then,
Upon this grand achievement of water and of men.

Long in *Oblivion's* shade the crown of *Locomotion* lay,
Until star-eyed Science drove the gloom away,
And to plodding man the priceless trophy gave,
That made him king of labor, instead of drudging
slave.

Far away, away, with speed and power sublime,
Behold steam-breathing steeds racing with Time !
With vain old father *Time*, who, back in ages dim,
Ne'er dreamed that *Tide* would ever cope with him,
Nor that *Tide* would ever triumph over Tide,
As he has found on all the waters wide.

O'er lands they rush, the fire-belching coursers who
Headlong plunge the midnight tunnels through ;
Round mountain curves in giddy flight they sweep,
Now swing aloft their burdens o'er the deep,
The dark abyss, as if to prank with timid breath,
Or tantalize the gaping jaws of Death !

O *Antiquity* ! proud height of Oriental blaze,
Behold the work of "*these degenerate days*."
Progress rampant with more than mortal force !
How would you trade with us your "*Trojan horse?*"

And before them flies—before each reinless steed—
The *Electric Thought*, with supernatural speed !

Guarding each way, bright messenger of Heaven,
And most glorious gift that to man is given.

Nor on land alone traverses the captive of the skies ;
But 'neath the ocean wave, around the world it flies.
Faithfully obeying the behests of mortal man,
Whose individual life on earth is but a span.
E'en he who dared to drag this victim from the sky
Was born to "*perish, in the mingling storm to live and die.*"

Like "*Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,*"
Franklin "might stop a hole to turn the wind away.""
"For they are gone, alas! we know not where,"
Wails restless man, deailing his own despair.
"Through eternal veil we cannot see, so thick,
so thin ;
Oh, would but *two* return to us who have entered in,
And bring glad tidings back, that beyond the tomb
Lives every soul in amaranthine bloom!"

Oh, mad, aspiring man, your pinions clipped,
O'er eternal walls ye cannot fly till ye have sipped
The noxious cup of Death.

'Tis said that Paradise
Once sent back a soul, who had doubly paid the price
Of passing through the gates of light, and that he
Proclaimed eternal life to man.

They sought to see
His wounded side and hands, for they denied
That he was *Jesus* whom they had crucified;
And when he proved himself, they still refused to
know,
But wrapt themselves in unbelief, man's deepest woe.

Through skies, and o'er seas, ambitious man may sail,
But Heaven's stupendous walls he cannot scale ;
And, foiled in this, in incredulity profound,
The skeptic bows himself unto the ground,
And worships what he *sees*. Because, forsooth,
He saw not Heaven, in Heaven there is no truth !

How rapidly the varied scenes appear;
And pass as rapidly "*among the things that were.*"
Joyfully I have flown, a thousand miles or more,
Since I began my flight from Atlantic's shore.

Enchanting are the views of nature's panorama grand,
And in his works innumerable *Art* shows a master
hand.

E'en *now*, I cannot sing the praise of one-half I see,
And *to-day* is but the germ of *the great yet to be.*

Down in yon field of rankly growing corn,
The plow-boy see—a little plebeian born—
Unmindful that his hat lets in the sun and rain,
And that his Sunday clothes are coarse and plain.
Guiding the plow that turns the damp, dark soil,
He dreams of future, and forgets his toil.
From the boy who wields in mimic power th' whip,
The man *ideal* sails on mighty seas the ship,
Or holds o'er ranks of men the saber of command,
And beholds himself a ruler of the land.

Whistling his marches in earnest childish joy,
Who would prophesy this vulgar little boy
The country's coming man ?

Columbian fields

Are so productive; their abundant yields
Are of both kingdoms, regardless of the *lowly born*.
Sovereigns are often seen growing 'mong th' corn.
Kirtland, a "*Mormon stake of Zion*," lo!
And its deserted Temple, many years ago
There came an enthusiastic Mormon band,
With amusing "pageantry," to possess the land—
To found a city appropriate to their patriarchal cause
And to obey their *Prophet* instead of moral laws.
Their leaders claimed that *he* was led by flaming sword;
That he was commissioned immediate from th' Lord
"To redeem Israel's children from the wickedness of
man;"
To gather them together ere the wrath of God began.
That angels showed him where, hidden in th' ground,
Ancient prophecies on golden plates were found;

That heavenly visitants would often with him dwell ;
That, responding to his prayers, *manna* from heaven
fell ;

That he could command th' rough prairie gales
To waft into their tents numerous flocks of quails ;
That he could heal the sick and raise the dead,
E'en when the flickering flame had forever fled !

Tell me, abandoned Temple, fast falling to decay,
Why did not your Prophet's God defend thee on that
day

When your immaculate *Messiah* by rabid law was slain,
And his clan of followers were scattered o'er the plain ?
Why did not th' flaming sword gather in devouring
blaze

The men who slew the Saints of the Latter Days ?
Or, why did not your Prophet escape vengeful ire,
By going up, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire ?

I would not call, from the cross come down ;
Away with Prejudice and her unfriendly frown.

But sacred *Truth* above all else I prize—
Fallen angels' souvenir, brought from Paradise.
Dark world 't would be without th' heavenly gem,
Most precious jewel in Honor's diadem;
Guiding e'en *Hope* through life's varied vales,
And giving equipoise to blind *Justice'* scales.

Laws and records of three thousand years ago
I'lly compare with *now*, as all truth-seekers know.
The acme of ancient lore thought the round earth *flat*;
That the *sun* revolved, an obliging flame; and that,
To succeed in human butchery, General Joshua
Bade the *sun* and *moon* stand still a day;
And down the corridors of time reverberates th' news
That the mighty orbs obeyed in favor of th' Jews.

Oh, wondrous warrior! supernatural in military skill!
Most marvelous act, to make the *sun* stand still,
Whilst you defied a law, transcendent from above,
And foiled, perchance, the maneuverings of Jove.

Through Futurity's dull mist behold the dawn
Of the gladdest day that man has looked upon !
Tale-telling Tradition gone with religious Obloquy ;
And Truth proclaiming fearlessly, "*I am I.*"

Rapid flight, midway two oceans vast between,
Before me spreads as beautiful as the past has been.
What glorious power, to cleave the ambient air,
To dare what mortal man can only *dream* to dare !
Tired at last with pedestrian rules complying,
In mystic Dream Land, behold the pedant flying,
Shouting, "Adieu to *Terra Firma*, adieu for evermore!"
And flying high and—lo, he lights upon the—floor !

Poor fallen man, if ere this ye had not fell,
None would be more ready to deplore than *Ariel*
Your sad condition ; but your great sire, you see,
Together with his spouse, fell beneath the tree
Of *Life and Death*—a tremendous fall !
And yet I have not heard that they complained at all.

Of immortality, and lovely Eden, now bereft,
Unmurmuring, young Adam took little Eve, and left.

Stretching far away, *Nebraska's* agricultural plain,
Checked with her meads, and fields of waving grain—
No fairer, better land around the world I meet
Than this, renowned for quantity and quality of wheat.

Great American Desert 't was called in days agone ;
Now by man transformed to field and verdant lawn,
Proving what Labor from dormant Nature can disclose,
And that the "*Desert will blossom as the rose.*"

Along this *route*, guided by *Adventurer's* hand,
Traveled the fanatic Mormon to his Promised land ;
Like a pilgrim facing Mecca, th' Saints to Zion bound
Looked not back, but hurried on from unholy ground,
Shaking th' dust off their feet 'gainst th' Gentiles
 who
Warred with the "wreck of Israel" and their Prophet
 slew.

So now the white haired devotee his thrilling story
tells
Whilst he beyond the *Rocky Range* safe in Zion
dwells.

Here encamped the Saints, and spent the night
In song and revelry. A religious rite
Merriment was to them.

Day's bright crown
Was pouring all his golden splendor down
On pious Contentment, dispatching frugal fare,
Or joining the leader in fervent morning prayer.

Pots, pans and pails, accoutrements all,
Were stowed in carts and wagons.

“No evil can befall
A day so fair,” they said.

Each docile steer,
Yoked to his mate, awaited th' driver's whip to hear,

Little Gentile.

When lo ! an ox, whom *Satan* that morn had
Tampered with and made the tame brute mad,
Broke all restraint, and plunged o'er the plain,
His furious flight infecting all the other train.

On they madly rushed, regardless of each load
That they had meekly pulled along the sandy road ;
Bellowing hideously, they trod the turfy ground
Swift as the deer before the pursuing hound.
Men shouted, women shrieked, children in air
Were tossed 'mid household goods that wifely care
Had packed away so well.

A Pandemonium rattle
Made the crashing vehicles among the crazy cattle !
Supreme Destruction ruled the mad stampede,
Gloating far and wide o'er Abram's scattered seed
And plunder !

O, Mormonite ! power had not ye
To avert the course of that dread catastrophe !

Preach what you will, but does n't it seem queer
That you could raise the dead, but couldn't stop a
steer?

* * * *

Satire, despoiler of peace! ugliest combination
Of ugliest evils! my utter detestation
And besetting sin! would that ye were gone,
Dark spirit! Forever nigh, ye have undone
Half my joys.

Looking two ways, I never know
When you will deal the quick and vengeful blow!
One eye looks approval—I lave in Lethe's stream—
Whilst ye aim with t' other, and stab my favorite
theme.

Away with you, your *two-story eyes* and *one-story pate*

Prove ye shade of the infernal, and a son of Hate.
In his dreadful den I will not beard the lion,
Nor with combative satire will I enter Zion.

*"Follow me 'mong the Holies, and from the air I'll
fall,
And become as mortal man on the Terrestrial ball!"*

*"Ah, what a pet you're in, my angry Ariel sprite !
Why now condemn the soul of your delight ?
Would you dare enter Zion unarmed, alone,
The avenging angels quickly would atone
For what we've said, by spilling out your blood.
No tragedy more sublime since Noah's flood.
Yet, combative as I am, I'd shun the scene profound—
*Angels, and Ariel, battling o'er holy ground.**

Sweet morsel for sensation ! But I forget,
Ye cannot die ; ye are immortal yet.
Loving the *truth*, inviolate is your vow.
Ariel, Mortality waits upon you now !
Breathing to you his evanescent breath,
Bidding you welcome, to th' world of death !

With you I have crossed the forbidden pales.
Behold me here in *Ephraim's sacred vales!*
How fortunate *our fall* among th' Saints of God—
No *crime* nor *vice* in Zion's blest abode !

Attune your lyre, and join the *Empyrean* throng ;
Let *Wahsatch* hear that Satire lives in song !
Let sorrowing man, seeking *Gilead's* balm,
Know that in Zion waves Salvation's palm !
That pilgrims pluck from the tree that thrives
On Jordan's banks ;

That Jacob and his wives
In happiest wedlock live ;
That saints give up the ghost,
But to return with *Christ* and his *Elysian* host,
Who cometh soon, to reign a thousand years,
“With power and dominion.”

That death and tears,
With Lucifer, shall from the earth be driven ;
That *Temples* are *palaces* for the King of Heaven.

*"That wolves with lambs shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead."*

When *Resurrection* ushers glad *Millennial* morn,
When th' *saved* come forth at sound of *Gabriel's*
 horn,
When *Mountain Meadow's* grave shall ope and send
An hundred souls, *The Great Tribunal* to attend !

Ah, gazing on yon dome, ye stumble on a skull.
Heed it not, I pray, for the *Holy Land* is full
Of righteousness.

What sudden exit doth unwelcome Satire make,
Whilst I as sudden from my dreams awake—
Dreams of light and shadow—broken dreams,
Threads of doubt and despair, woven with th' gleams
Of hope !

Soul-piercing pang, to awake and find
That I am mortal, and blindest of the blind.

Oh, could I remain in the blissful realms of sleep,
And mortal curse ne'er share—to awake and weep.

How high in air sweet Fancy winged her flight,
But to fall at last in deepest, darkest night!

How oft I whisper to my soul, "*Peace; be still!*"
"He doeth all things well."

His infinite will
Tends to our everlasting weal, and not eternal woe,
Or dissolution of the soul!

This we know,
Present life is *real*, the world is good and fair,
And, tho' but a breath, why give it to despair?

Let's seize the golden moments, as they fleeting fly,
And cull their hidden joys.

To live and die,
Mortality's sole aim. Insolvable is more than this;
And when we go beyond and find eternal bliss,

Useless was our murmuring.

And should the vital spark
Extinguished be in *chaos*, unfathomable and dark,
How useless still our murmuring !

And often turns
Upon me my infuriated soul, and madly spurns
My soothing, raving.

Away, and tell your puerile tale
To bedridden crones and babes; but seek not to ~~negale~~,
With simpering *sophistry*, a distracted soul !

I, whose power can scale the *firmament*, and th'
whole
Of wonderful creation can traverse with *speed of
thought*!

I, in my prison house of human flesh, am taught,
“*Peace, be still*,” and “*He doeth all things well*.”
Watching, fearing, I only hear *Death’s knell*,
And the dull thud of clay, falling upon clay.
“*Earth to earth and dust to dust*,” we pass away;

So doth the grass, the empire and th' crown.
“*Man cometh up as a flower and is cut down;*”
And falls he not with the ill-fated bloom,
Back to earth, all sharing the same doom?

No answer comes through swiftly rolling years,
As I watch for beacon light, through a mist of tears;
So wails my soul, so combat soul and I,
One thought taunting both—we live and die.

“*A bruised reed,*” I would assuage the grief
Of other souls, lost in dark unbelief.
Drifting myself upon a moonless sea,
No star of *Bethlehem*—

Ah, who is she

In th' gloaming? young, and wonderfully fair,
Robed in pure white, and veil of golden hair,
Bright embodiment of all that's pure and good,
Unconsciously intruding upon my solitude!
Who is she? and how comes she here
To the abode of wretched doubt and fear?

No apparition, but a beautious child of earth
And sweet contentment, and of different birth—
Th' plebeian throng surrounding—'seeming
At home as she plucks the terrace rose, deeming
Herself alone—

Hark ! from her swan-like throat
A low, sweet song upon the air doth float.

Implicit trust in God ! Oh, hallowed hour,
That shows me perfect peace, and the divine power
Of *Faith* !

Recede, ye shades, and let me see
The angelic guide, that Heaven has sent to me ;
And whither she goes, *would I could follow fast*,
Lest in doubt's dungeon my soul again is cast.

Aye, soul, what think you of that song ?
Would trust like that to earth alone belong ?
Would *soul* like that, when the mortal part is dead,
Lie down and sleep in clay's eternal bed ?

Hark ! faint footfalls ! She comes this way,
And I will speak to her ere the glorious day
Is gone—ere the swift approach of night
Shuts out forever this new-found ray of light.
What perfect grace and beauty, smiling, yet serene—
The little Gentile of whom I've heard—*Isaline.*

*“Like rays of stars that meet in space,
And mingle in a bright embrace,”*
Soul met soul in the gathering gloom of eve,
Our exiled Isaline, and skeptic Genevieve:
Ariel, whose scoffing song revealed
The dark unrest that her soul concealed—
Bright Genevieve, captive in her father's home,
Sweet suburban place whither Isaline had come
Three months ago.

Yet they scarcely knew
The existence of each other, until chance threw
The twain together.

Little Gentile.

Genevieve was called
Insane. Dear reader, be not appalled,
For reputation fair has suffered worse than this.
People will talk, you know, tho' they often miss
The truth.

Whether the girl was mad or not
I cannot tell. I only know her saintly sire got
Extremely mad himself, when she refused to wed
The Prophet, whose pretty little parlors, and bed,
(*A la* the spider) with silken curtains hung,
Made it a grand inducement to be Mrs. Young.

But the Prophet turned him round, and went away,
Not promising to call upon another day !
For well he knew that 'mong *Zion's* daughters fair
Many would eagerly be caught by his golden snare.

And when he was gone, the knowing neighbors said
The old gent turned on Genevieve, and read

Her such a lecture as she n^eer had heard
Before !

“ Oh, Genevieve !” he roared, “ ye have stirred
My wrath beyond control. Ungrateful girl,
Swine before whom we’ve thrown the pearl !
Do you not know the Judgment Day is nigh,
And that all *women* in their graves will lie
Until the coming of the *second Resurrection*,
If in the *first* they’ve not a husband’s fond protec-
tion ?

And, next to this, it has often grieved me sore,
To see the brethren, a dozen men or more,
Cold and haughtily from other folks withdraw,
And brag about their rich and famous son-in-law ;
Whilst *I* am looked upon, by the uppish clan,
As only Bishop Warren, a plain, plodding man !
Whilst upon *you*, Vievie, a fortune I’ve expended,
And for my pains, my fondest hopes are ended.
From wicked *Babylon* you bring your foolish pride,
Scorning our Prophet, and all the Church beside.

Three days debate the question ; if then you've not
relented,
I shall conclude that your *mind* is demented."

No enviable lot, a pretty Mormon girl to be.—
A host of *married suitors* calling round to see
If ye wish to be awakened *first Resurrection Day* !
And if she's sleepy headed — inclined to answer nay,
Have an ugly papa fly into a scolding fit,
And finish up by saying that she has lost her wit.

Poor Genevieve ! By and by, another suitor came,
A *bishop*, a-courtin' the "Babylonian flame."
True, he'd a wife in the city, and another one at *home*,
A lovely country place, where there was ample room
For *Genevieve*; but she refused him flat, of course,
Whereupon her father stormed until he was hoarse,
Condemning her as *trash* in the matrimonial mart,
Since she'd not wed th' *Prophet*, nor Enoch Achen-
heart —

The distinguished Brigham Young, Zion's chosen man,
And the young and wealthy Enoch, bishop of *Valley
Tan,*

Who had "loved and lost;" but the neighbors heard
Him vow, that she yet should be his better—*third.*

Next a handsome elder the haughty beauty sought;
An unmarried man, success was sure, he thought.

"Be mine," he swore, "and by the powers above
No other wife shall ever share my love.

Polygamy abhorring, *one wife* alone I'll claim.

Be that *one*, sweet Genevieve, and name—"

"Out of my presence!" said the girl; "away!"
He went, and wedded *sisters twain that day.*

Oh, horrid blot upon the nation's face!

To give a thing like this a dwelling place!

White with the frosts of three score years and ten,
Next old Jacob came, pleading for his favorite Ben.
"Sister Vievie," he cautiously began, "rumors of late
Have worried me concerning your celestial fate.

They say ye'll wed with none ; that all Zion
Cannot send a suitor whom ye can rely on ;
That ye are determined to die an old maid,
And of the coming wrath ye are not afraid.
Oh, daughter of Israel ! I am alarmed for you !
Choose at once, I entreat, an honest man and true.
And among the brethren I do not know of any
More *willing* to save you — than my son — Benny.
'Tis a timely warning, 'gainst Heavenly retrospection,
That *might* point a flaw to prevent your resurrection."

What more he said I do not care to write ;
But this I'll tell, a letter came that night
To Genevieve, and its contents I'll disclose,
Tho', by so doing, I lengthen my list of saintly foes.

"Hail, Genevieve ! the fairest flower
On Zion's virgin tree !
Guided by *Elohimic* power,
I give my heart to thee !

A heart that has not loved before,
Nor will not love again!

Scorn not the offering, I implore,
But give ear to my refrain.

Elohim has commanded me.

A revelation came down
For me to mate at once with thee,
And establish *now* my kingdom.

I've a thousand cattle on the hills,
And as many sheep and swine
Gamboling 'mong th' valley rills,
And half of them are *thine*.

They tell me that you've driven away
Zion's exalted brethren,
But 'tis revealed that you will say
When you'll need your loving *Ben*."

If this wouldn't drive a girl insane,
I don't know what would. Ben's "refrain"

Was torn in tatters, and given to *Deseret* air;
And *Elohim* directed his loving heart elsewhere.

In *Valley Tan* he found pious *Josepha Ringdom*,
Who *aspired* to be the queen of a *celestial kingdom*.
“Oh, *Josepha*,” rejoiced Ben, on his wedding eve,
“I’m glad I didn’t wed that *Gentile Genevieve*!
A ‘perty’ *queen she* would make. Why, her very
frown

Would drag a saint and all his kingdom down!
She quarreled with her pa, and wanted *me* to take her;
But she won’t be *resurrected* if *I* am sent to wake
her.”

Oh, false, dissembling man! how very oft he apes
The fox, who failed to reach the high and luscious
grapes;
Turning disappointedly from the prize, he’ll say,
Like cunning Lennard, “*The grapes are sour, any
way.*”

One more incident; the last, tho' not the least.
“*Brigg*,” the Prophet’s son, saw Genevieve at a feast
Of the Passover, or some kind of Mormon jubilee.
I can’t describe it accurately, as you plainly see.
“*Brigg*” gazed on Genevieve, then turning to his
wife,
Bade *her* behold the fairest girl he’d met in all his
life.
Soon who was seen driving to the Warrens but young
“*Brigg*,”
The finest span in Zion bringing up the grandest rig.
Bowing graciously, he began: “Bishop, by your
leave,
I offer myself in holy wedlock to fair Genevieve.”

Holy Wedlock! Dear Heaven, a blush of shame
Has stained the cheek of Decency! and *wedlock’s*
name
Is but a tool in salacious Priestcraft’s hand,
Engendering vice and discord in a goodly land!

“Brother,” replied the Bishop, “I wish you success.
But recently my child has caused me great distress ;
Her strange ways I cannot understand—so sad
At times I almost think the girl is going mad;
Tho’ reared in *Babylon*, taught in *Gentile* schools,
She cannot conform at *once* to all our rules.
Exalted brothers have sought her hand in vain—
She will not hear, nor *why* will she explain.
Reconcile her if you can; the aged are soon gone.”
And, calling Genevieve, he left the twain alone.

Oh, pure “*daughters in Babylon*,” send to Heaven
A prayer of gratitude, you are not given
A prey to viciousness; and invoke the hour
When *right* will overthrow this lascivious power !

Handsome “Brigg” had a speech appropriate to his
case,
Which he delivered with the most charming grace
To Genevieve, concluding with the lover’s usual sigh,
And waited like a lover does for the girl’s reply.

And how could she reply to her much-married beau ?
Why, Genevieve, as usual, bade her admirer go ;
But ere he went away — quite loth to be defeated —
He begged to know why *he* should be so rudely
treated.

What had *he* done ? How had *he* offended ?
He, the Prophet's son, *so highly recommended*.

“How have you offended me ? Nay, do not ask
A thing you know. You wear a hideous mask,
In the name of Heaven, that you may execute
The most infamous plan on earth ; you persecute
Bayed Chastity, with the insolent persistency
Of a demon, and with the low inconsistency
Of a fool.”

Genevieve replied, her flashing eyes
Scintillating her innate power to despise.

“Knowing my principles,” continued she,
“How dare you offer your *fractional heart to me* ?

For, like others of your creed, *wives* have not you?"
"Yes," answered the crest-fallen "Brigg," "*I have a few.*"

"Your foul confession," said she, "intensifies my hate;
So Guardy, my dog, will escort you to the gate."

And her faithful friend, obedient to her command,
Stepped quickly in and licked the poor girl's hand.
But the indignant Saint scorned the escort rude,
And bowed himself away in the maddest mood.
And Guardy, incensed by the well-directed slight,
Sprang forth unbidden with full intent to bite;
But changed his mind ere his race was run,
And swapped his vengeance for a bit of fun.
For scarce had Brigg, the *somewhat married man*,
Turned Zionward his gay, high spirited span,
When Guardy leaped from out his hiding place,
Plunging with mock fury into each courser's face.
Mad with fright, they sped away, heedless of the rein
That desperation pulled to check, but pulled in vain;

Thro' Zion they dashed, no power to guide or stop,
Until *Elohim* allowed the prayerful saint to drop
In Ephraim's vale.

"Bind up my wounds, O Jove,"
He said. "Thou alone canst heal the wounds of love.
I mind not this accident," he wailed in plaintive tones.
"Drop me from tallest peak of Wahsatch, *smash all*
my bones,
Yet I would breathe the blissful breath of life,
If Thou hadst given me fair Genevieve to wife!
But I am denied the one bright boon I crave.
Queen of my kingdom, whom I fain would save,
Now doomed to slumber on in clammy bed of clay,
Until thy angel sounds the last Resurrection Day!"
Myriads of wild sunflowers the vales adorning,
Stood with bowed heads, like deeply mourning
The fate of Genevieve.

And Jordan gurgled on,
Like bewailing the grief and fall of Zion's son.

All nature mourns, thought "Brigg," as he arose,
Brushing the dust from off his costly clothes ;
And to meet rescuing friends, *limping* he returns,
Musing how oft the lamp of hope an *ignis fatuus* burns.
His steeds were gone, his carriage scattered on the
vale,
And he alone was left to tell the thrilling tale ;
Bereft of varied treasures ; none nigh to condole ;
Bereft of e'en the rosebud in his botton hole !

And it came to pass, when Bishop Warren learned
How Genevieve the *Prophet's* son had spurned,
He smote his breast, and put ashes on his head,
Crying : "Alas, I am undone ; would that I were dead.
Nine celestial kingdoms cannot now atone
For the sacrilegious work that Genevieve has done !
Wrap me in sackcloth !" he despondingly would rave,
" My gray hairs will go down in sorrow to the grave,
For my exalted glory is demolished for all time,
Unless her *repentance* redeems apparent crime !

Tho' if she *were mad* all would be well in heaven,
And her disobedience would freely be forgiven.
And would that she *were so*; I should be exempt
From all terrestrial censure and contempt.
And she *is insane*, and I'll quickly lock her in,
And rid myself of what appears a leading sin;
And when 'tis known, that she has lost her mind,
Ample consolation in the Church I'll find.
And should she recover — accept in full our creed,
Then her prison door shall ope—she shall be freed."

So, sacerdotal *Sorrow* let *Sagacity* come in,
And relieve *Hypocrisy* of an *apparent* sin.

How long, O Christ, wilt thou endure the mock
Of dissimulating man? Know'st thou the Rock
Of thy salvation is crumbling into sand!
And thy broken Church is floating from the strand
Of Truth!

Infamy's dark sea is swallowing up
The price thou gavest in Calvary's bitter cup!

Genevieve's prison comprised a suit of rooms
O'erlooking a fountain and the rarest blooms.
Graciously a bough bent near her window's sill,
Where gladsome wild birds came and ate their fill
From the little captive's hand.

So long unblest,
Imprisonment was to her a haven of rest;
Tho' she affected grief when her father sternly said :
“ Vievie, by your wickedness my happiness is fled ;
Soon from the Church of Zion I'll be cut off forever,
Unless *you* at once from Gentile ways dissever.

You are my child, and I cannot drive you hence.
A *Christian* father is supposed to be a child's defense ;
So I will give you shelter, raiment and food,
Meanwhile you must remain in perfect solitude.

A *ruse* I have invented to shield you from disgrace ;
And that I may safely keep the *Bishopric*—a place

I cannot well afford to lose. I fear the hate
Of the brethren whose scowls worry me of late.

We will tell inquiring friends that you are ill ;
Or that '*learning hath made thee mad,*' better still.
Thus you will be hidden, safe from all discovery,
Until we're pleased to herald your complete recovery.

In seclusion you may see, how that you are lost,
And turn and walk in the light of the Holy Ghost.
And if ye are converted, *ten times ten thousand tongues*
Will welcome you with shouts to God's elected throngs.
Heaven rejoices more o'er *one redeemed*, th' Scriptures say,
Than o'er ninety and nine that go not astray.

You have the burden of my prayers. Now to your room
Retire, and there remain till this oppressive gloom
Is quite dispelled.

Little Gentile.

I shall ever hold the keys,
And none ye'll see, save your maid and dog ; *these*
Your sole companions.

And soon as ye are changed,
I'll publish the glad news that ye are *not deranged!*"

Tediously I've been telling how a little "*Gentile,*"
For hated heresy, was doomed to "*durance vile.*"
A rarity in this century and in *America's blest land.*
For keys to turn on unbelief, and by a father's hand.

But liberty to Genevieve was nothingness compared
To the mean indignities which she daily shared
With vulgar Priesthood.

Paternal incarceration
Was hailed as a refuge—a heavenly dispensation !

'Twas during her captivity that she essayed to write
The Transcontinental Poem; but her failure quite
No comment needs.

Illiterate *Bunyan*, in his cell,
Wrote his “dreamy experience,” and wrote it well;
Pleasing at least to *Orthodoxy*, who in that age per-
verted
Would have canonized a cannibal if he had been con-
verted.

But for joyless Genevieve a different case I plead.
Captive 'neath parental roof, *dissenter* from parental
creed,
Crouching to *Dissimulation*, clad in *Lunacy's* low
guise,
To hide the purest principles from *Bigot's* prying eyes.

Under what hallucination *should* she think of writing
When her persecutors all her joys were blighting?
But perchance the lonely girl solace found in jingling
rhyme,
And wrote her wild, disjointed! verse by way of killing
time.

Undoubtedly she did, poor child ; and I pity her sincerely,

For how frequently in *Ariel's* song, and how clearly,
Vague unrest is shown, murmuring, pleading grief,
Only known to the benighted, stranded on the reef
Of Uncertainty.

Denying God, yet calling on his name ;
Denying the *Redemption*, yet clinging to the same ;
Denying the eternal boon promised to the soul,
Yet pointing a despairing brother to *an eternal goal*.

And who would not doubt the "*High Oracles of Heaven*,"

When a *stone* instead of *bread* to *Hunger's* cry was given ?

And who would not yield to wonder and dismay,
When the shrine to which they knelt crumbled into clay ?

And *Genevieve* was in her most melancholy mood,
When Isaline "intruded upon her solitude."

Strangers were they, yet from first glance they knew
Congenial souls had met, and immediately threw
Reserve aside ; each told her sorrows to the other,
And sympathy grew stronger when neither had a
mother.

I cannot tell Isaline's story just as she told it then,
For girls talk in a way of their own, *especially* when
They are alone, and personal wrongs their theme,
Both victims of a creed they despised in the extreme;
Isaline decoyed from home, Genevieve *imprisoned*
there—

Isaline resigned, Genevieve wailing in despair.

Both were young and beautiful—Isa scarce eighteen,
Whilst only twenty summers Genevieve had seen;
The charms of Isa were of that “*radiant*”* kind
We all adore so much, and yet so seldom find.

A wealth of yellow hair, outshining seeds of gold,
Floated o'er a Hebe-like form, from head of classic mold,

And eyes, the “*windows of the soul*,” soft and brown,
Revealing principles as priceless as a jeweled crown.

A pen portrait of Genevieve I should certainly decline:
A task too great for justice in this “*lowly lay of mine*.
Good as she was beautiful, and curious inquirers
Should not compute those merits by the girl’s admirers.

Had she been in *Babylon* instead of *Zion*, where
Souls are often *saved* (?) by skeins of silken hair,
Where winsome eyes, dewy lips and rose-leaf com-
plexion

Are a certain guarantee for woman’s early resurrection;
Had she been in *Babylon*, instead of saintly fold,
A different tale of Genevieve might happily be told;
Description would not hesitate, when required to tell
Of the transcendent virtues and beauties of a belle.

A fastidious sentiment pervades the common mind,
That evil associations will corrupt the most refined;

And appropriate to this notion is a maxim *not the truest,*

"If thou'l tell me where thou goest, then I'll tell thee what thou doest."

But the case of Isa and Genevieve plainly serves to show,

That censure should not follow where we are *doomed to go.*

For a *jewel* is a *jewel* still, tho' into filth we fling it,
And *gold* is *pure bright gold*, tho' from the dirt we bring it;

And a noble soul is just the same, no matter *where 'tis seen,*

Tho' *Grundy* on *appearances* pours her malicious spleen.

"*Angelia,*" said Bishop Warren to his wife, one eve,
"Our home is dark and desolate without our Gene-vieve;

Far better had she died, for her imprisonment
Fills all the house with gloom and discontent.
My conscience pleads, and I would liberate the girl
But for the wrath the brethren would upon me hurl.

They think that she's *insane*, and I have told it, too,
Until I often think myself the horrid tale is true.
I have preached it in the pulpit, to congregations
 sad,
That I am broken-hearted because my child is mad!
And when sisters weep, *shame* burns my cheek—
I think of *Ananias*, and can scarcely speak;
I know the part I'm playing is *pure Hypocrisy*,
But 'tis either *this*, *Angelia*, or vile '*Apostasy*.'"

"Yes, Moses, I grieve," the pious spouse replied,
"To see you daily struggling 'gainst an adverse
 tide;
But you should remember the crown we cannot wear,
Unless the heavy cross we uncomplaining bear;

Th' laborer in th' vineyard and th' coming of th'
Master

Should encourage you to triumph o'er trials and
disaster.

Think not of *apostasy*—Satan is tempting you to
stray:

The darkest hour is just before the dawning of the day.

So I told a sweet young girl, whom I met this morn,
Wandering near the Tabernacle, tearful and forlorn.

And she was the sweetest child you ever did behold;
The tiniest feet and hands, and hair like burnished
gold,

That fell about the little waif a shower of shining
curls.

I coaxed a smile, and her teeth looked like a row of
pearls—

So very small I almost thought the girl a fairy
queen;

She told her name, but I forget, only *Isaline*.

She, hesitating, told of *intrigue*, or something of the kind ;

How she had been sent to friends whom she could not find.

The little outcast—Moses don't scowl so, for I know
The girl is good ; he that is without sin let him throw
The first stone at her. And I thought we could afford
To give the child a home—decent bed and board.

It is our Christian duty. Let her teach little Belle,
And we will be *practicing* what we *preach* as well.
And, Moses, may she come ? I told her I would see
What *you* thought about it, and if we could agree
We'd send for her to-night; poor homeless little
thing,

By lending her a helping hand a blessing we may
bring."

" Yes," said the Bishop, " you may bring the girl, I
guess ;

Tho' to entertain a *Gentile* may add to my distress ;

For envy and suspicion look round me day and night,
Watching every movement, my *exaltedness* to blight.
But the *good Samaritan* hand to the wanderer extend,
Since merciless old *Babylon* has ceased to be her friend.

But does n't it seem queer that with *us* she would abide,
When to all the world we are so scandalously belied.

But welcome the stranger in spite of threatening fates.
We *may* entertain an angel within our wretched gates.
If guileless, she may serve to save our little fold,
Like the Sodom and Gomorrah's good in the days of old ;
And tho' we victims fall 'neath Envy's two-edged sword,
Teach the *little Gentile* our '*Holiness to the Lord.*' "

Well done, Moses and Angelia ! Long may *you* live
"In the land the Lord *thy God giveth thee.*" I can
not give

A better blessing, for I am among *Publicans and sinners.*

But, thro' your uncommon kindness to Isa, you are winners

Of my esteem and gratitude, and if e'er I chance to be
In *Zion* I shall be pleased to call around and see
Her benefactors.

Though I abhor your *marriage institution,*
Like the seven righteous, *you* have made ample resti-
tution.

'Twas a redeeming deed, and could I command the
power,
I'd fix *Envy* and the *Bishopric* from this very hour.

And so it came to pass that the "*deluded little mouse*"
Was cosily ensconced in a *Morman bishop's* house.
The sad truth she had learned that her aunt and
Annabel
Had decoyed her from home; but why she could not
tell.

Pleading letters she had written, but answers never
came

From the loving cousin nor the sanctimonious dame.
She never wrote to others; she'd not make known th'
fact

That the Winsors would be guilty of such low decep-
tive act.

Proud as her ancestors, her closely guarded history
Was to the Warrens an *unfathomable mystery*.
So with her books and little Belle time went quickly by
And the night of sorrow vanished in contentment's
sunny sky.

"How very fortunate I met you," Angelia Warren
said

To Isaline. "At first, to tell the truth, I was really
afraid

The Bishop would refuse; but when I said my say,
I was surprised to see his cold look pass away.

And *surprise* became *astonishment* when *his* speech
Agreed with me precisely, to practice what we preach.
And yet I am not hinting that I took you in for
charity,
But a *friendly* hand to the *enemy* in *Zion* is a *pity*.
And I do believe, if I'd not been by your tears
attracted,
Your grief would have driven you plum, raving dis-
tracted.
Or if the *River Jordan* had been near as our '*inland*
sea,'
You would have sent your weary soul from earthly
trials free.
But I chanced in the nick of time, my little girl to
save
From the house of crazy brains, or an untimely grave.

And you'll remain with us forever, won't you, Isaline?
You dislike, of course, th' *Mormon faith*; but when
you've seen

Ten thousand saints in the Tabernacle, listening to
th' voice

Of the Prophet, *who reveals*, and *ten thousand* tongues
rejoice,

Then from off your drowsy eyes the heavy scales will
fall;

Then all your *Gentile* views you'll penitently recall ;
Then the Church will sing hosanna for the rescued
lamb ;

Then with *Israel's Holy Virgins* you'll wave Salva-
tion's palm.

Plural marriage is the greatest fault *sectarians* find
with us,

The mighty bugbear over which they'll never cease to
fuss,

And hoot, and sneer, when from the fountain head we
get

The polygamous examples our good forefathers set.

Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, leading men of old,

Were, more or less, polygamous ; and yet we are told

That we're an erring people, religiously benighted,
When we follow in the wake that God and angels
lighted.

And the *New Jerusalem* that John, the revelator,
saw,

Proves our *sanctified religion* without a single flaw—
Especially polygamy.

The eternal city had twelve gates,
Representing the *twelve tribes of Israel*; and on golden
plates,

Wrought in pearls and precious stones, the twelve
names

Of *Jacob's sons* were seen, amid the transcendent
flames

Of heavenly light, looking from above each holy arch-
way high,

And 'saluting, as it were, the different quarters of the
sky;'

Proving to all ages, and they who run may read,
That we are not astray from the established creed.

And, Isa, if ye are not married on the judgment day,
Do you know your doom? The good angels will con-
vey

Your little soul to *Paradise*, a place for lost spirits
Set apart, where it will remain till it inherits
Celestial glory.

'Mong the Saints, all can be married,
Tho' to the eleventh hour in single life they've tarried;
But *our* girls rarely wait until they're old to wed; then
They will not choose the most *exalted brethren*.

When the rose and lily blend in bloom, we choose our
lot,

And none but an *apostate* breaks the blest hymeneal
knot;

Tho' a tale goes round in *Babylon*—as false as it is
rife—

That when we women wed we enslave ourselves for
life.

'Tis a ridiculous idea of the most wretched kind,
For *happier wives than we* on earth you cannot find.

Tho' we've tares among the wheat; oft a jealous-hearted puss

Weds into a happy family to create domestic fuss.

Our *lost Magdalenes* are they, and their evil ways
Do our Church more harm than all Gentile dispraise.

Our greatest mischief-maker was Ann Eliza Young.

See what she has done with her false, deceitful
tongue!

Not satisfied with lecturing scandal into every nook,
But she must up and *write* the most sacrilegious
book.

She entered the *harem* blindly—she thought it was
her duty—

A victim of a *prophet false*, and of *her own great
beauty*!

The modest plaintiff tells, when the poor disconsolate
dove

Would not have flown if she had got a new cooking
stove.

Dear me! how I've been talking! And yet I have
not said

What I wished, so many things crowd into my head
When I talk of our blest religion. What I meant to say
Is this: You are fair and good, my child, and the day
Is not far distant when—”

What she tried in vain to tell lies in Lethe's stream.
The announcement of callers changed th' irksome
theme;

And I am spared narrating what can readily be guessed,
And Isa was relieved *pro tem.* of the “*religion blest.*”

* * * * *

Since this tale began, full five months have flown,
And Genevieve and Isaline th' fondest friends have
grown.

For *good behavior* partial freedom was allotted Gene-
vieve;

And now the friends inseparable meet morning, noon
and eve.

Like a traveler on a burning desert, ere he droops and dies,

An *oasis* of fruit and fountains before his vision lies ;
Ere he tastes the cooling waters, ere he plucks the laden vine,

His swooning *hope* revives, and sees the *Providing hand Divine*.

And fickle *Faith*, departed, *now* flies back to tell,
“As I told thee, spirit, ‘*He doeth all things well.*’ ”

Blest with her sweet associate, Genevieve now owns
That for every sorrow we endure some certain joy atones ;

That when by strong adversity we bow and kiss the rod,

’Tis that we may see and own *our eternal God*.

Alas for Genevieve ! for whoever yet has known
Hope’s blooms to *live* where weeds of doubt have grown ?

A precious boon is *perfect faith*, and yet I am inclined
To think that perfect faith ne'er repos'd in mortal mind.

When deep autumnal dyes glowed in *Ephraim's* vales,
And *Flora's* sad adieus were borne on *Deseret* gales
To *Zion*, the Prophet lifted up his voice and cried
aloud,

“ Prepare the way, for lo ! there comes a *Babylonian*
crowd

With truce and peace offering—a once high-handed foe !
Throw wide the gates and let the blood of vintage flow,
And let the flesh of fatted calf supply each saintly
board,

And share with the friendly *Gentiles* the bounties of
the Lord !

Tho' they drove us from our Cana into the desert wild,
Because our Revelation their *systems pure* defiled !
But when we show the sinners that we are Saints in-
deed,

It will be well with us and our persecuted creed.”

Throngs of visitors and tourists from every section
came,

To behold the modern *Canaan*, of Patriarchal fame;
And Columbia to the *Zionites* paid the highest com-
pliment

When her *Chief Ruler* called upon the Mormon Presi-
dent.

“Bring the wounded man in here, for on suffering
humanity

My doors are never closed !”

With religious vanity

Bishop Warren spoke, as he quickly led the way
For strangers who bore the unconscious form of *Ray*—
Ray Hamlin, for whom Madam Winsor banished
Isaline. But now at last her cherished hopes are van-
ished,

For the maids attended when they chanced th' sad
case to discover,

And Isa swooned when she beheld *Annabel's recreant
lover* !

So pale and still, in death he seemed—giving no sign
Of life—laid low, they said, by William's foul design.
“ Bear the drooping lily out. What does she here ?
And you, Genevieve, away at once ! Do you not fear
A gory spectacle ? Some women are so weak they
can't endure

A petty sting or pain or scratch on the hand, but
they must cure

It with a faint. Fallen from his pocket, what is this ?
Bless me, brethren, 'tis a *likeness of the swooning miss!*
Ah, fast my eyes are opening ! and I now behold
In this little case of velvet, gems and gold,
The Little Gentile's story. She has long concealed
What *Tragedy* and *Accident* have generously revealed.
The unfortunate *Babylonian* and “ *Pansey Eye* ” are
lovers,

And he will carry her away as soon as he recovers.
He revives ! The *laying on of hands* I wouldn't give
For all the ‘ *learned physicians* ’ that are allowed to
live ! ”

And the enthusiastic bishop spoke in such excited
way
That he awoke, as from a sleep, the unconscious
Ray,
Who, looking up, inquired at once if he was badly
hurt.

"No, my friend," replied the bishop ; "a little blood
and dirt
Shows you in a sorry plight. It was a stunning blow
The ruffian gave, but nothing more ; in a day or so
You'll be sound as a dollar, and meanwhile
Keep the room you have ; though our *Western* style
May fail to please. '*A low church and high steeple'*
Illy represents the aims of the Mormon people.

Here's a miniature that from your pocket fell,
Unclasped ; I picked it up, and, very strange to tell,
It is a *perfect* likeness of our little governess,
Who soon as she heheld you lost her consciousness.

Ah, you're worse; your pillow ;" thus went on th' cunning Saint,

"It was the sight of blood, of course, that caused the girl to faint."

"What is the young lady's name?" asked Hamlin, in confusion.

"It cannot be," he murmured. "It must be a delusion."

"Her name? Well, now, I do declare, I can't call it to mind.

I always call her *Puss* or *Pug*, or something of the kind.

But Angelia knows. ' Angelia, what is Puggy's name? I vow I've never spoken it once since the day she came.'".

"Moses, you astonish me!" the *quasi*-cultured woman said,

And her white cheeks glowed with a sudden dash of red.

“ Your domestic privilege of unrebuked familiarity
Is certainly to the stranger’s ear an absolute vulgarity.
This vase of fresh flowers, the young ladies send ;
And what delicious fragrance the *Phlox* roses lend.”

“ But your rebuke and roses are not answering me,
by far.

What stubborn, willful creatures all these women are,”
The irate bishop interrupted. “ But now her name
Burns in my memory like Inspiration’s flame.
Jealine! Strange I should forget when I hear
It every day.

Sir, the loss of blood weakens you, I fear,
Worse than we thought; but consider yourself our
guest,
And recovery will follow sufficient care and rest.”

* * * * *

“ *Annabel*, entreat Isa’s quick return. I yet may live
To regain her presence and complete confession give.

What matters now all the wealth the world bestows,
When the soul is racked in death by penitential throes.
Eternal justice pleads, but a swift approaching pall
Spares time but for remorse for a deed beyond
recall.

But, no; it must not be! The good messenger, beg
him

To make all haste. Tho' my lamp of life burns
dim,

Hope's gleams illume the darksome vale, and I behold
The girl whom I exchanged for alluring gold,
That proved a gilded grief; for they came from th'
dead,

Isa's parents, in phantom form, following with noiseless
tread

My every footstep.

And should Ray Hamlin e'er return
And behold my fallen snare, pray bid him not spurn
My plea for pardon. Dear Heaven, had I th' power
To undo the wretched work of one ill-guarded hour!"

Futile prayer and penitence; for soon unwelcome came
Death's blighting breath, extinguishing th' feebly
flutt'ring flame.

Whilst 'neath th' purple horizon its beams of day
descend,

The Mortal with Immortal for victory contend.

But ere Night o'ershadowed Eve's golden glory
spread,

Th' regal Madam Winsor was numb'r'd with the dead;
And whilst yet on th' sinless clay sentineled tapers
burn,

Hamlin and the exiled girl unexpectedly return.

Joy and Grief blend in embrace. Mournful Annabel
is glad.

Th' heart that late to sorrow bowed is now with rap-
ture mad.

Unmindful of decorous rule, or the ogling eye of
pride,

She hailed with joy triumphant Ray and his beau-
teous bride.

“Welcome, birdling, to th’ home nest from which you
have been flown ;

Welcome, wanderer, to a heritage that *was* and *is*
your own.”

(Here, sudden retrospection showed an evil, by-gone
day,

A cruel deed, and the vain regret of a soul just passed
away.)

“And, oh, forgive the dead !” she cried. “I to th’
dead am true !

The prayer my penitent mother prayed I quickly
pray to you !

’Tis th’ burden of her latest thought, the echo of
dying breath —

The tongue that pray’d your pardon is scarcely cold
in death.

The sin half mine, but from the blame I would th’
dead release —

Forgive but *her*, victorious girl, and I depart in
peace !”

Kissing the weeping Annabel, Isa answered through
her tears:

"No offense of yours, my cousin, in past or future
years,

Can turn my love to hate, or bid you from me depart.
Half of Winsor is your own; nestle safely by my
heart."

And bending o'er th' dead she murmured, "*Auntie is
forgiven.*"

Surely angels do not always stay exclusively in heaven.

Genevieve is married, too; yes, married and gone,
And I must not forget to tell how the thing was done.
It came to pass—oh, what a funny thing to "come
to pass,"

The elopement of a Gentile with a lovely Mormon
lass!

Eloped! It was their only chance. Broke a lock and
skipped;

Took the first train to the Golden Gate and shipped

Heaven knows where. 'Twas th' night th' Prophet died,
And all was lamentation—when men and women cried,
And had not their wits about them. "Oh, propitious eve,"
Mused the love-sick Babylonian, "to bear my Gene-vieve
From her prison home. To-night th' Bishop smotes his breast,
And thinks, of course, his captive girl is sinfully at rest.
I'll seize the prize, oblivious he of growling dog or clicky gate,
As he howling piles the ashes on his bald and brainless pate!"

So said, so done; and, strange to say, on that very night
The old Bishop had a vision. He saw th' lovers flight,

Just as it was, but only thought *his* visions were deceiving;

That this no evil did foreshow, and was not worth believing.

But when next morn Angelia ran to and fro and said,
“*I told you so*; the lock is broke, and Genevieve is fled!”

“My *vision* told me so,” he raved; “it is a Gentile’s trick.

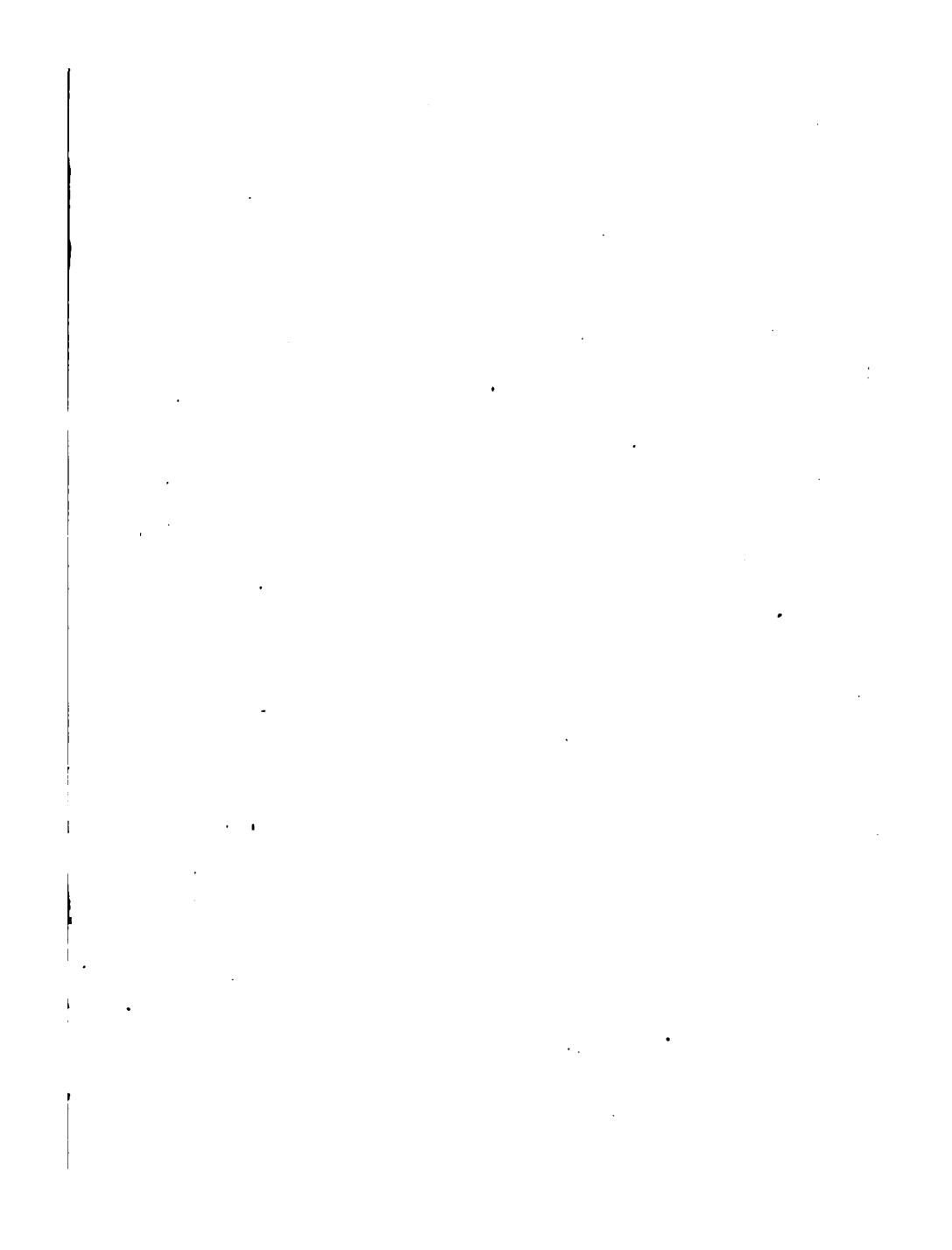
My kingdom’s gone! I am undone! Oh, my Bishopric!”

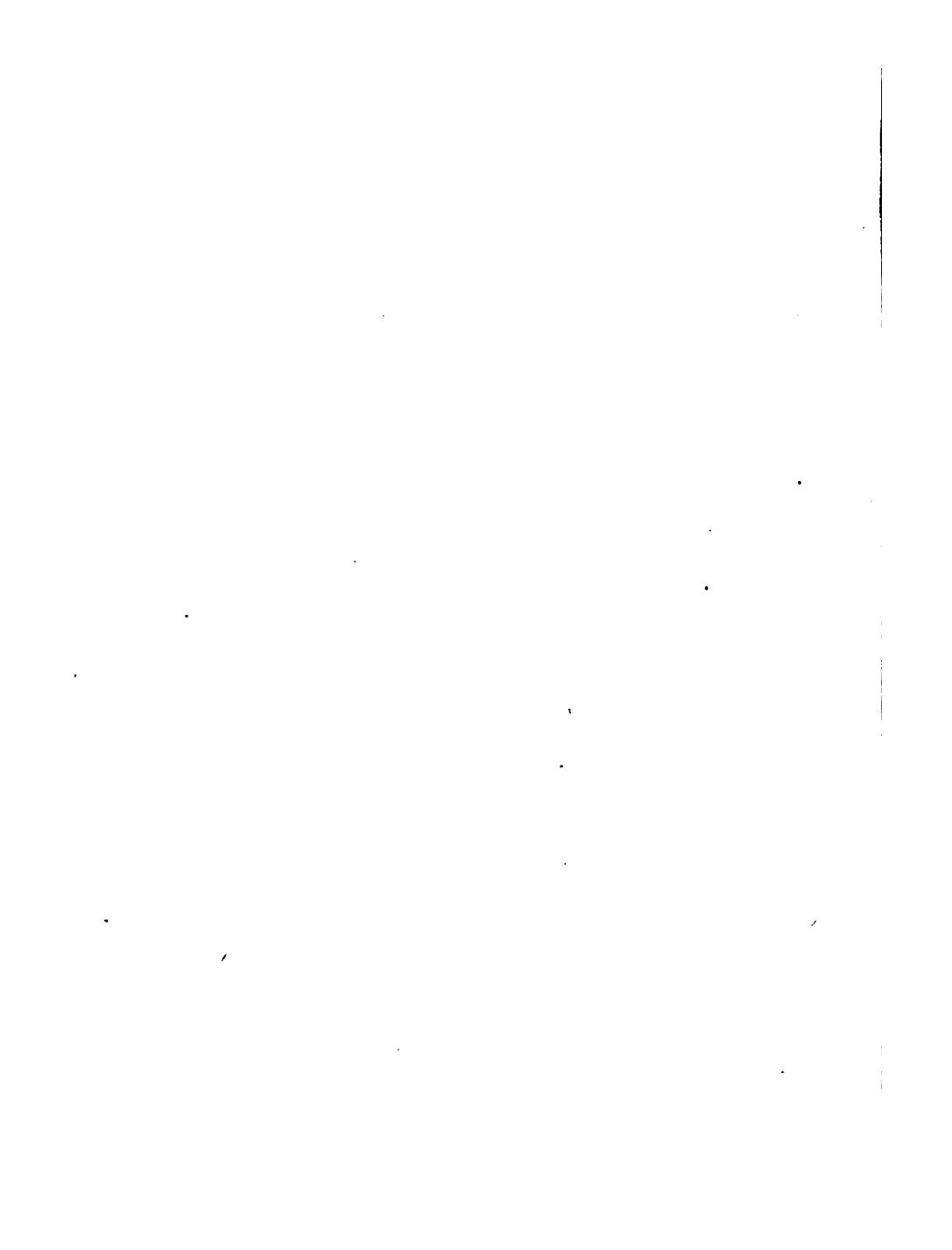
Th’ Bishop holds th’ Priesthood still—with Genevieve all is well—

But who the “*Babylonian*” was, I know, but will not tell;

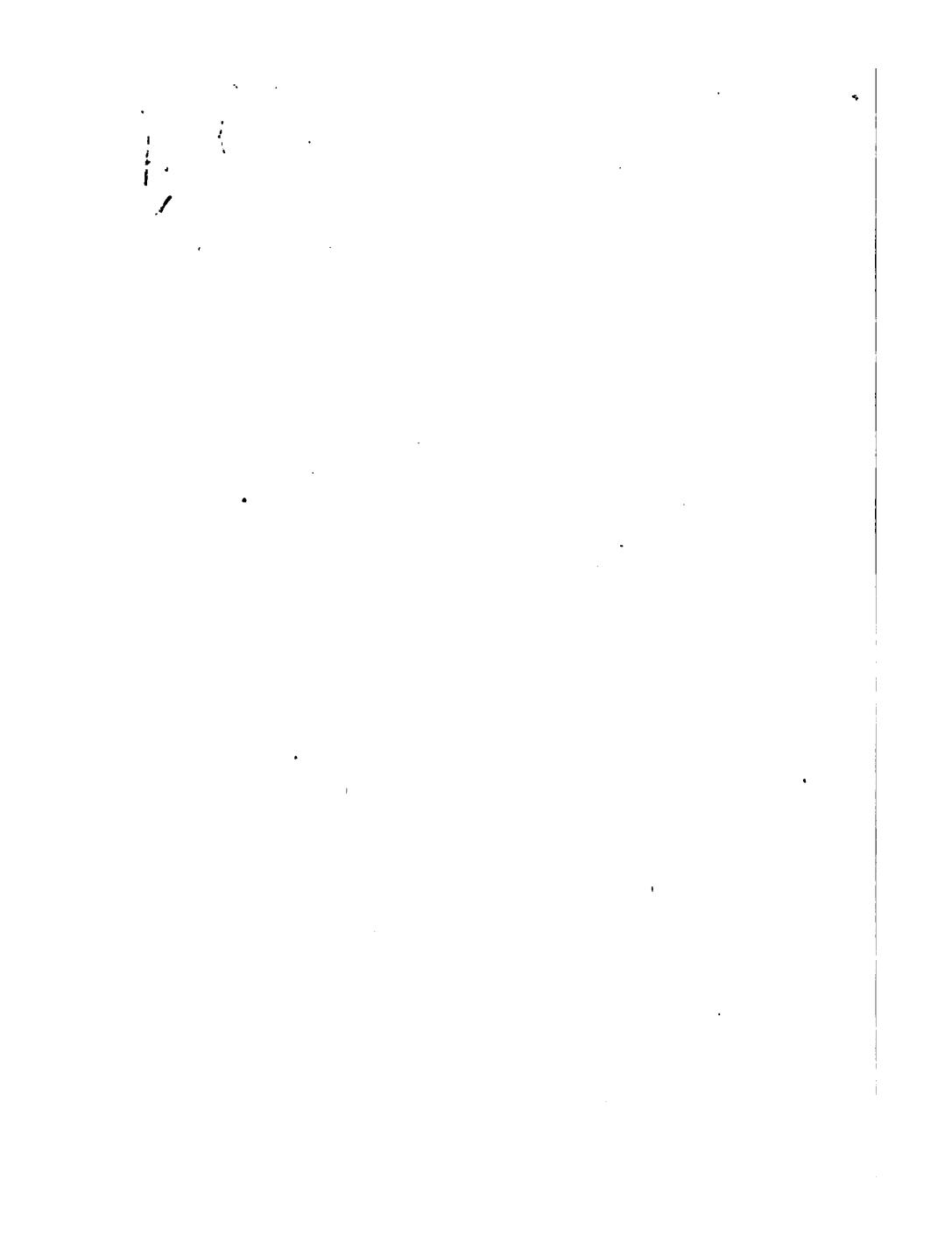
Tho’ I’ve yet a truth from Zion, that fiction cannot equal,

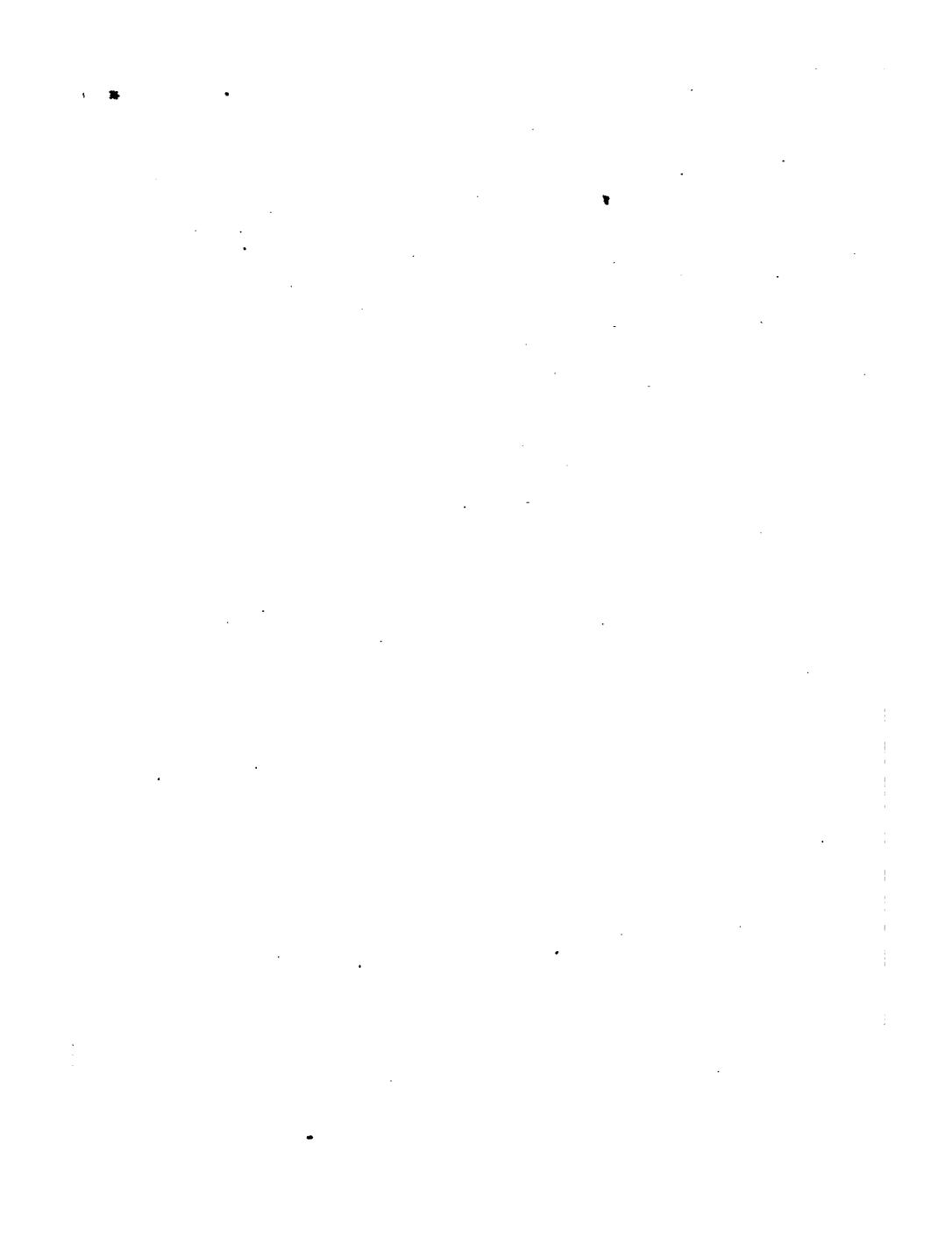
And the choice gem is found in “*Little Gentile’s*” sequel.











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